

# Life

10¢

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# *This* Woman made ONE *Mistake*

**T**his woman made a mistake. One little mistake—*but everyone holds it against her.*

It is a common mistake, too. One that any woman might make. One that thousands *do* make, to their sorrow.

This is the mistake: She assumed that she was free of halitosis (unpleasant breath). Simply took it for granted that she never offended this way.

No intelligent person makes this error. Because the facts show that every day even in normal mouths conditions capable of causing unpleasant breath are already present or may arise.

You may be interested in knowing that 90% of halitosis is caused by fermentation of tiny food particles the tooth brush has failed to remove.

You undoubtedly realize that it is also caused by minor mouth infections and by excesses of eating,

drinking, and smoking.

Surely, then, any toilette, to be

complete, must include a precaution against it.

**LISTERINE immediately overcomes odors other antiseptics fail to mask in four days**

The one pleasant way to make sure your breath is beyond suspicion is to use full strength Listerine as a mouthwash. No other should be considered. Use Listerine every morning, every night, and between times before meeting others.

Listerine halts fermentation, the principal cause of halitosis. Relentlessly it attacks infection, another cause of odors. Having thus struck at the cause, it then overcomes the odors themselves. Its ability in this direction is sim-

ply amazing.

"Listerine immediately overcomes odors that ordinary mouthwashes fail to mask in four days," says a noted chemist after a series of tests to determine the deodorizing power of Listerine and other mouthwashes.

When you want certain deodorant effect, healing antiseptic action, and pleasant taste, use Listerine. No ordinary mouthwash provides these qualities to such a degree. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

**BEFORE MEETING OTHERS—PUT YOUR BREATH BEYOND REPROACH**

## Reno

"MRS. MORTON SNISH has taken a place on Moonlight Road. . . . Yes. She commutes from New York! . . . She was formerly Mrs. Eric Diddle; Mrs. Thorley Wagginhoover; Mrs. Isaac Slapp; Mrs. Dede Blootz; Mrs. Finley Van Joick; Mrs. Victor Hiptoser; Mrs. Adolph Guvvle and Mrs. Obadiah Wupf. . . . I'll bet five thousand on the red! . . . Well, four aces is better than a pair of jacks, anyway! . . . Then, Your Honor, when I remonstrated, my husband made an insulting gesture with a slice of bacon—! . . . What'll it be, gents! . . . But, Your Honor, I'm not the wife; I'm her witness! . . . Black wins! Good! I had ten dollars on it! . . . It is apparent to the court that the defendant held his marriage vows too lightly . . . Better crack another quart for this mob, Harry! . . . Oh, I say, these dice are rather refractory, this evening! . . . Mornings she used to look cross-eyed at me, Your Honor, and she made my life a headache! . . . Put another five thousand on that red; she'll come up sometime! . . . The evidence proves conclusively that you acted like a scoundrel, and—! . . . Who dealt that last hand? . . . You didn't see him running when the reporters came after him with flashlight pistols, did ya? . . . I know the lawyer for you, lady; his price is only twenty-five dollars in advance! . . . Heavens! No, I didn't throw my real ring away; just a cheap imitation! . . . It looks like I got you, stranger, with this full house! . . . Alimony will be denied when it is proved that the plaintiff in this case has already announced her engagement to the defendant in a preceding case! . . . The New York Special is in; in four sections! . . . I swore I'd never marry again, but honey, that was before I dreamt there was a girl like you!"

—Dana L. Cotie.

### Is This Relief?

The often denied rumor that President Hoover favors three per cent beer persists. It is our belief that a man who has been around as much as he has knows more about beer than that.

### In Again

Cross word puzzle books are again making their appearance. There is nothing gnu under the sun.

## The Freedom of the Seas



## INDIAN SUMMER CRUISES TO NASSAU BY S. S. HOMERIC

"Don't give up the summer!" . . . that's the motto society has nailed to the mast . . . and that's why everyone (who's anyone) is already planning for this fashionable flight to the West Indies on the swanky Indian Summer Cruises of the great transatlantic liner *Homeric*. For summer roses are blooming in the Bahamas when chill winds whisper "Winter soon" to Park Avenue . . . and so . . .

Ho for six glorious days following the summer sun! A call at fashionable British Nassau . . . the same marvelous accommodations and cuisine you have been accustomed to on the finest transatlantic liners. Professional entertainment, deck sports, tournaments, dancing. And the finest beverages of Europe—served above a whisper!



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**SAILINGS . . . October 3, 10, 17, 24 and 31.** Sail on Saturday. Return following Friday morning.

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I am interested in the Indian Summer Cruise of the *Homeric* sailing on \_\_\_\_\_  
Please send me literature and particulars.

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When bravery is required, chew **WRIGLEY'S**. It's the best way to meet a crisis, and about the only thing you can do in most cases. And it at least helps teeth, gums and digestion.

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## What to Do While Waiting for the Foursome Ahead to Get Off the Green

**A**PPROACH your ball gayly, quite proud of the drive which put you only a mashie shot from the green. Exhibit impatience for the opportunity to play your second shot to the green, proving by its accuracy that your drive was not merely a lucky fluke. Take your mashie from your caddie, and address the ball. Look up and note for the first time that the foursome ahead are just emerging from the traps to putt out on the green to which you were about to play. Sigh resignedly and express the silent hope that they will not fool around all day in holing out.

Try a few practice swings with your mashie. Feel great satisfaction at the skilled way in which you are clipping off the heads of dandelions. Try another practice swing, and carelessly dig up a substantial piece of turf. Replace it shame-facedly and try a few more practice swings, exercising greater care. Regain your composure after a time.

**F**IX your gaze on the green ahead, and mutter an impatient curse upon noting that the foursome ahead are still putting, and making quite a formal proceeding of it. Conceive an ardent hatred for the stoutish fellow in plaid plus-fours who is bending lovingly over his putt and gives every indication of remaining in that position for hours. Ask yourself why some people take so long to putt, and get no satisfactory answer. Hope that the stoutish fellow will miss his putt, and smile meanly when he does so.

Go back to your practice swinging, but find that you are unable to put your heart in it. Decide that there is a limit to everything, and to do something drastic if the foursome ahead don't get a move on pretty quickly. Glare ahead and see that they have holed out and are now standing on the green filling out their score cards. Get very angry and decide to shoot into them. Yell "Fore!" at the top of your voice, but lack the nerve to carry out your plan. Have difficulty in restraining yourself as the players ahead leisurely stroll off the green.

**A**DDRESS your ball and prepare to play your approach shot. Be a little careless in your swing and fail to achieve the high arching shot to the green which you intended. Instead, send a low screaming shot straight at the backs of the departing players ahead. Yell "Fore!" at the top of your lungs and breathe a sigh of relief when the ball clears their heads. Move forward perspiring freely.

Find that your ball has come to rest alongside the tee from which the foursome ahead of you are about to drive. Suffer considerable embarrassment in making your shot back to the green.

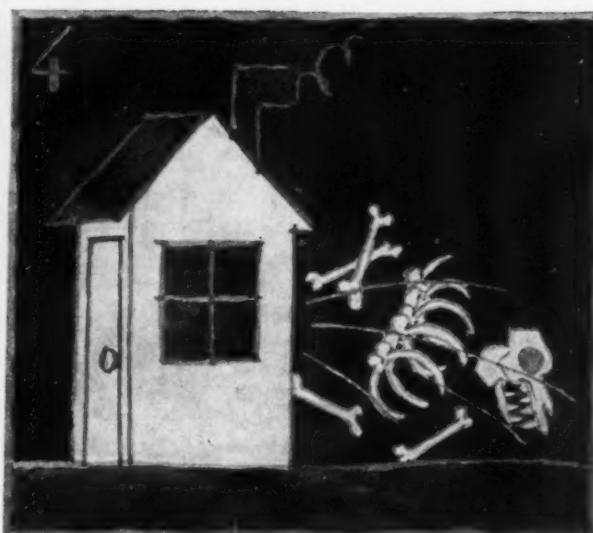
—J. C. E.



**ANT: I'm relieving the farmer.**



# Life



The Farm Board has purchased 130,000,000 bales of cotton at \$80. per bale which it can sell at \$30. What this country needs is federal control of everything.

\*

"I've known her since she was a baby," says a Long Beach, Cal., man of 82 who recently married a woman of 84. We all have something in mind we are going to get around to sooner or later.

\*

"The rarest stamp known," writes a collector, "is the early American Colonial." Another one seldom seen is the stamp which a writer says he is enclosing for reply.

**L**IFE wishes to compliment the United States Golf Association for its decisive and timely action in ruling out the new "balloon" golf ball. There was never any doubt that this ball was adopted in the sincere belief that it would benefit the average player and so help the game. The result, however, was widespread disappointment and opposition, which the governing body of golf has now recognized and responded to like true sportsmen.

Chicago has begun a drive for both the Democratic and Republican National Conventions next year. We understand she hopes to keep the best one for exhibition at the Chicago World's Fair.

\*

A transatlantic airmail route through Greenland and Newfoundland has been recommended. It is believed the letters to and from the French government should prevent ice forming on the wings.

\*

A naval holiday for five years is suggested by Senator Borah. It is felt that the country will be safe so long as we have millions of movie ushers ready to glare at an incoming enemy.

## Hickory, Dickory, Doc.—

*"Dr. D. O. Lyon, American scientist, will put a mouse and a canary into a rocket to determine the effect of pressure when it is shot into the sky."*

—News Item.

"WELL, dear—I'll be off, I guess. You have my bags packed, haven't you? I think I have enough food in my cheeks to last me the week out . . . Why Minnie! Didn't I tell you I'm going to Africa with Dr. Lyon? . . . Yes; a canary and I are going up in a rocket. You know—those things they send up on the 4th of July. I struck a bargain with him. He offered me a piece of stale cheese. I finally got him up to three pieces and all expenses. Yes . . . I demanded a down payment and I'll leave the whole hunk for you and the kids.

"Oh, by the way, dear—I've started excavating in the bottom drawer of Mrs. Duffield's bureau. I'm about half way through. Try to finish it while I'm away, dear. If you need any help call on the Morrisons. They all have swell teeth . . . I really don't know—it smells like woolen golf socks to me. Maybe a sweater, too, if the moths don't beat us to it . . . You'd better not use the main road to the kitchen while I'm away, either . . . Well, I understand there's a mouse trap somewhere between the sink and the cupboard . . . No—I'd take the detour along the wainscoting until you strike the hot water pipe. Then turn right on the oak beam and ask someone to direct you . . . Where's Walter—I want to tell him about a loose board in the ice-box . . . What? A cat got him! . . . Well, that'll teach the other children a lesson.

"Now, Minnie, dear, you mustn't squeak so. I'll be perfectly all right. You'd think I was going to eat rat biscuit the way you're carrying on . . . I know, but it isn't every mouse that has a chance to go skyrocketing. It's a darn sight safer than hanging around between this plaster waiting for someone to throw a broom at you every time you stick your nose out . . . Listen, baby: I got all the dope from Hugh Frisbie. He went up in a rocket for Dr. Goddard of Clark University. He told me all about it the day before they made him into trimming for an evening gown. Hugh said to be sure and pull

ing candy from a baby.

"And think of the publicity. You'll have a swell comeback now when that woman next door starts bragging about her husband who's in the movies.

"Bye, bye, now, honey. Take care of yourself and don't let the children run up anyone's leg while I'm gone. If you see a shower of mouse fur and canary feathers fluttering down out of the sky you'll know I'm not coming back . . . And, oh yes . . . try to gnaw through

my tail in because Dr. Lyon might mistake it for a fuse if I left it hanging out. Otherwise, he says, it's like gnaw-

that baseboard before the Kraft Cheese man comes next Tuesday . . . Can you think of anything else before I go? . . . Yes, I have my toothbrush. The other passenger? . . . I don't know him from Adam . . . Yeah, some bird from Hartz Island . . . Oh, I suppose we'll chat and play some cards, if he can sit still long enough. He'll probably start singing the minute we leave and won't stop until we return . . . Well, I'm off. Lick the children good bye for me . . . Come on out as far as the carpet sweeper with me, darling . . . Now, I'll barge out through this knot hole—quick, like a mouse—and you can wave to me from under the linoleum . . . I'll bring you a nice hunk of African cheese, baby face . . . Good bye!"

—Jack Cluett.



"Ab! Autumn!"



"Yessir-ee. We'll have beer back in this country in two years!"

#### And That's That

Let's not be stupid . . . let's not meet  
and clasp our hands and bow.  
That would be such a trial.  
You think you must? Well, anyhow,  
Give me a smile.

Do you remember how you used to  
tear your hair and vow,  
And weep, and all of that?  
Now you are calm. . . . Well, anyhow,  
Give me a pat.

They were nice words, but maybe you  
no longer mean them now.  
If it was really this  
You came to say. . . . Well, anyhow . . .  
Give me a kiss.

—A. M.

LOST—I lost my glass eye at the  
postoffice. Finder please return to Box  
75. I need my glass eye as I no longer  
have the eyes of youth.

—Fairfield, Ill., Journal.

Describe it.

#### None So Blind

Believe-it-or-not Ripley reports the  
case of a man who can read with his  
eyes shut. Evidently a born editor.

#### Two Legs on Chile

The government has suppressed two  
revolutions in Chile, and it is under-  
stood that when they've won the coun-  
try once more they can keep it.

#### GONE FOREVER

EXHIBIT A. The "Summer Session  
Times" of Columbia reports that *college  
spirit* has departed from American uni-  
versities. This is ascribed to the in-  
creased size of the institutions and the  
sophistication of modern students.

EXHIBIT B. The Polish Government  
has banned all *cigar lighters* from the  
country in exchange for a loan from  
the Swedish Match Trust.

EXHIBIT C. *The Raleigh Bar* in  
Washington, famous stamping ground  
of Congressmen for generations, has  
been converted into a soda fountain.

EXHIBIT D. The last of the *horse-  
drawn cabs* in Budapest has been with-  
drawn from service. The authorities  
finally decided that the automobile is  
a permanent institution.

—W. E. F.

#### Chapeaux pour l'Automne

Maidens tall and maidens teeny—  
Each one wears a hat Eugenie.

Damsels dumb and damsels brainy—  
They each sport a new Eugenie.

How I wish there weren't so many  
Girls who wore and said "Eugenie."

—J. C.

#### Internal Bath

PLUMBER: Do you want a five-foot  
bathtub?

BOOTLEGGER: How much is that in  
gallons?



To side track the ladies from the counter you want.



## THE LETTERS OF A MODERN FATHER

MY DEAR SON:

NICE going, my boy. When you got that job of coaching at Pottawatomie I didn't think you had a chance of winning the championship of the Eel River Conference but one more game and you're in. The Athletic Board should appreciate you, for you've put it over in a depression year without raising salaries. If you keep on in the coaching business, one of these days you'll be writing articles for newspaper syndicates.

Your Uncle Charlie said he saw you last week when he stopped off in your town to see if he could land an order for the lumber for a fellow who is making a sandbox for his little boy. Uncle Charlie said you were coming along fast as a football coach and there wasn't any doubt of your success. He said you had already learned to talk out of the side of your mouth.

Your sister Phyllis—the one in school in New York—and your sister Gracie, in Maryland, are giving me a good year. I'd be willing to play Phyllis straight across the board. She is certain to marry within six months after graduation. And Gracie is a safe bet to show, although her teeth will have to go back a fraction of an inch before there will be any odds.

You will be surprised to hear that your brother Sheridan is doing well too. You remember his voice, how it used to scare the children on the street? Well, he has caught on as an announcer at the prize fights. His only trouble is that he hates to leave the ring after he is through bellowing and I am afraid he will get hurt one of these days. It would be pretty serious for him to be hugged by a boxer.

Your sister Eloise—the one who lives in Pittsburgh—has fallen in love with a newspaper man and is going to leave her husband someday when the newspaper man can get to it. She was all packed the other day and ready to go when he called up and said he'd been tied up on a story and now it was

time for him to go out and eat, so he'd have to run away with her some other day.

Your mother looks very well this fall considering the hat styles. She is local woman's chairman of our Gifford Committee and she made a terrible disturbance down at the Chamber of Commerce the other day without intending to. She said that as this was a committee to relieve the unemployed she would entertain a motion to give them some relief.

What will you do when the football season is over? Do you have something else in view or will our radio be going all winter?

There are no jobs here. Things are so bad that fellows have to stand in line to become life insurance agents.

Your Affectionate Father,  
McCready Huston.

### Face Value

The charge is made that the news reels contain political propaganda. One party, according to the way we get it, has bribed the photographers to show more pictures of the other party members.

### They Also Serve

The submarine journey under the North Pole has been abandoned. We understand Wilkins has decided to return and await the North Pole's expected visit here.



"Heavens! Why don't they make twin rafts?"

## Familiarity Breeds Regust

AT a certain hour yesterday a citizen of this country could not walk along any street in any city without having Secretary Mellon shout at him from some window: "There is a deficit." You would think that Mr. Mellon, with his training, would be above screaming at strangers.

It's the radio. The radio has destroyed all barriers.

Hundreds of thousands of cozy bridge parties are interrupted weekly by Grantland Rice arriving with some stranger who wants to tell how to capture a baboon or complete a forward pass.

Sitting in the corner at speakeasies Calvin Coolidge expounds the doctrines of simple living. Suppose Benjamin Franklin had visited the Philadelphia saloons shouting: "A stitch in time saves nine"? Would he have received the polite attention due him?

Lovers locked in fond embrace in dimly lighted parlors are told by Al Smith that he, as yet, has not refused to be a candidate.

Bobby Jones, Billy Burke and Francis Ouimet invade the sanctity of the home and halt backgammon games, often doubled, to explain how they made a par four on the ninth which is a dog-leg.

Secretary of State, Henry L. Stimson, may think he is speaking quietly to a microphone, but he is really screaming from millions of apartment windows.

"I was nearly asleep when that old Stimson woke me up," says a tenement section mother of five. "James," says a languid Park Avenue matron, "please quiet Mr. Stimson." And a jealous husband in a walk-up listens at a keyhole and says, "Oh, it's only our Secretary of State."

Walking along a country lane one night I heard a Senator, whose name I will not mention, talking in an auto that was parked with lights out.

True, I realized the Senator was speaking from a radio attached under the instrument board of the car. But what about the car's occupants? Didn't they resent the intrusion? And, instead of the Senator, the intruder could have been Bishop Cannon or Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.

This rudeness of the radio, ladies and gentlemen, is destroying the very fabric of which our government and

our civilization is woven. It is destroying the confidence in our leaders and our respect for them.

There is a maxim that familiarity breeds contempt. Great minds should remain aloof from the common herd. It hurts discipline for the commanding officer to associate with privates.

Due to radio our leaders have lost their glamour. And to make matters worse we are threatened with television. I am afraid of television. In New York city alone Coolidge will be seen simultaneously in more than 32,000 speakeasies, not to mention dance halls.

—Tom Sims.

## A Day in the Life of a Chess Player

ALARM clock rings. Opens eyes. Wonders which side of bed he should get out of. Deliberates for fifteen minutes. Finally chooses left side. Starts to get out and changes mind. Starts to get out of right side, changes mind again, and gets out of left side. Decides he needs a new blade in his razor. Finds he has seven new blades to

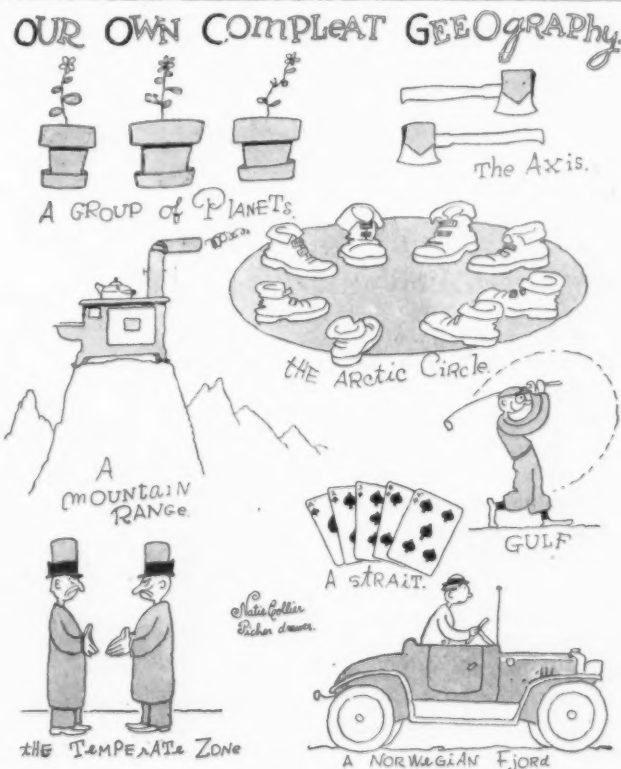
choose from. Selects blade and shaves self in an hour and eight minutes flat.

Has breakfast. Wonders which half of his orange to eat first. Wonders whether he should have ordered grapefruit instead. Finally finishes orange. Seizes morning paper, and deliberates between the sports page, front page, or editorials. Sits perfectly still for thirty-three minutes. Finally chooses editorials. Reads paper for two hours.

Decides, inasmuch as he came down to breakfast in bathrobe and pyjamas, that it is time for him to get dressed. Goes upstairs. Takes twenty-seven minutes to decide whether or not to put on clean underwear. Puts them on. Finally decides on suit, shirt, socks and shoes. Time to put on necktie. Goes to rack and sees two and one half dozen ties. Sits down to study the thing out. Continues studying. Still studying. Glances at watch and discovers it is time to go to bed again.

—P. C.

"Generals will fight the next war simply by pushing buttons," says a writer. Wasn't that how they fought the last one?



## The Art of Martyrdom

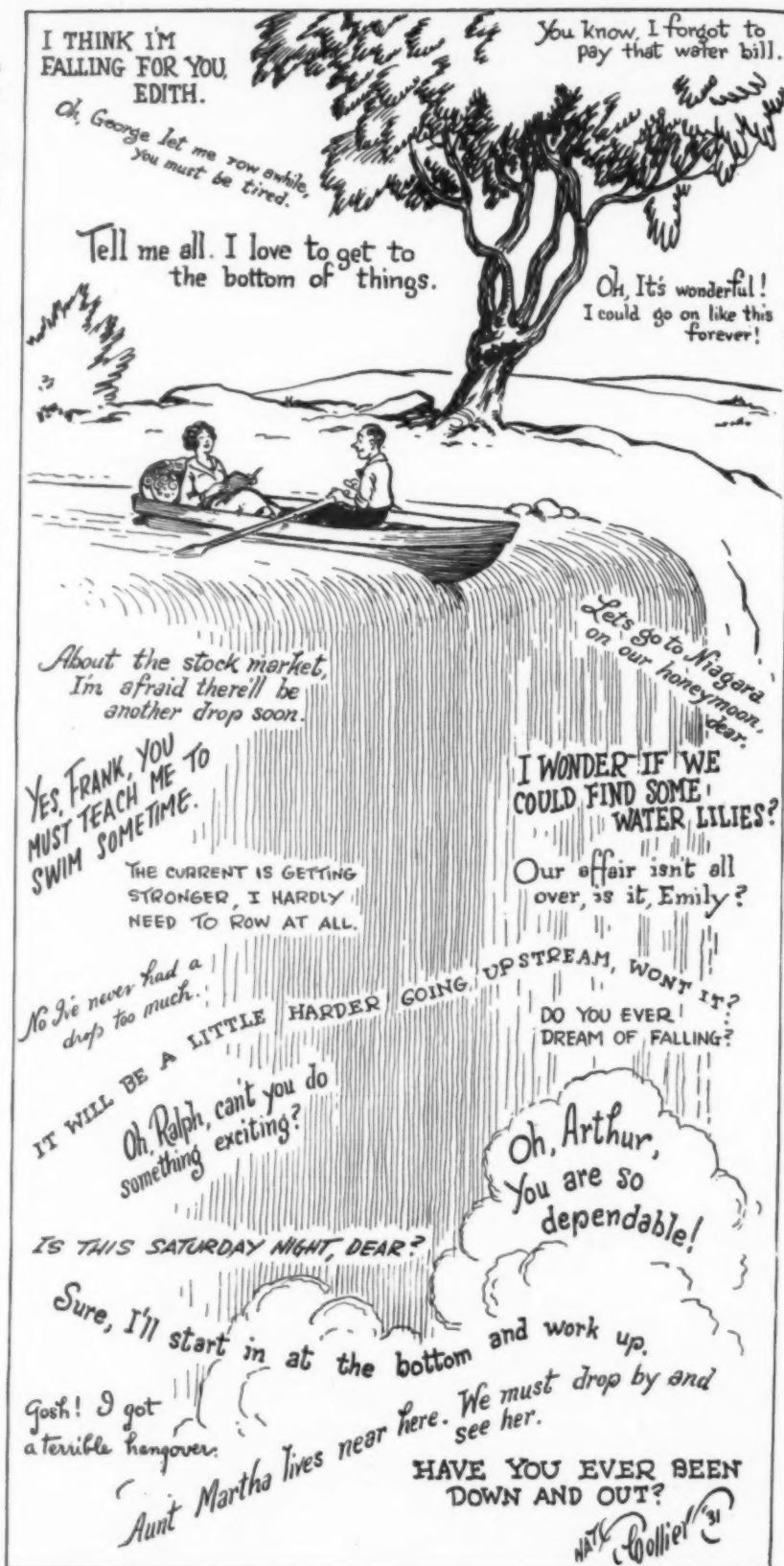
SUCCESSSES are all right, but it's your failures that make life really worth while—if you are really interested in the art of martyrdom. All that's necessary to make you a top-flight martyr is to convince yourself (a) that you have been wronged, and (b) that you have great Spiritual Qualities.

Take business, for instance. You are anxious to put that transaction across, and you go to Smithers and give him your sales talk. He retaliates by giving you a super sales-talk in which he explains clearly why your schemes are all wet. If you are foolish you put that down as a tough break, and sulk about it. If you are wise you become a Martyr On The Altar Of Big Business, and have loads of fun. You convince yourself that you are a Noble Soul—not interested in material things, a Soul too good for the crass mercenary world in which you have been placed. People don't appreciate your Spiritual Side. Cultivate the habit of not being appreciated, and in no time you'll be so happy you could sing.

OR take sport. Perhaps you play tennis. You go into a tournament, and take a beating from some duffer who obviously has no more Spiritual Qualities than a side order of spinach. Is your failure due to inability? Nonsense. It's due to your Spiritual Qualities. Think of the people you've been practising with. Haven't you sacrificed yourself? Haven't you been playing against inferior opposition just to give the others joy? Of course you have if you're worth two cents as a martyr. Couldn't you beat anybody in the world if you concentrated purely on winning instead of playing for the Joy of the Game? And there you are. You're a Noble Soul, and glad you lost.

Did you take a beating at bridge? Didn't you sacrifice yourself and make a fourth when you'd have preferred to be alone communing with your soul? (And maybe you had bad cards, too.) Disappointed in love? Obviously not appreciated for your Finer Side. Not invited to that party when you should have been? Because you refuse to stoop to being a pusher. Of course I don't claim that everybody in the world can be a martyr, but, be honest with yourself. Aren't you one?

—Parke Cummings.



The over-the-falls joke to end all over-the-falls jokes.



## Washing Your Own Car

THE return from a motor trip. The muddy exterior of the car. The generally dilapidated appearance. The comment of your wife that the car is a disgrace. The suggestion from the same source that you take it up to the garage and have it washed and polished. The haughty reply that you can do as good a job on it as any garage employee. The further statement that you *will* do so—tomorrow. The passage of three days. The frequent and increasingly caustic reminders of your wife that you haven't washed the car yet. The variety of excuses. The eventual sigh of capitulation. The reluctant start.

The collection of washing implements. The hose. The sponge. The chamois. The brush. The nickel polish. The surprise at finding everything without an extended search.

The drenching of the car with the hose. The simultaneous drenching of a perfectly good pair of trousers, recently pressed, which you forgot to change. The hope that your wife will not notice. The swabbing of the car with the sponge. The impossibility of getting at all the places around the wire spokes in the wheels. The absolute impossibility of doing so without barking your knuckles twice for every spoke. The attempt to rub down the painted surfaces with the knitted cloths. The discovery that these seem merely

to push the water around, without absorbing it. The decision to rest a few minutes while the car dries.

The return to the car two hours later. The discovery that you missed quite a few places with the sponge. The particularly spotty appearance of the wire wheels. The attempt to clean things up with dry rags. The vigorous rubbing which raises a perspiration but has little other effect. The growing feeling of discouragement. The swipes with the chamois. The half-hearted attempts at polishing the nicked parts. The vast weariness, particularly in your arms and back.

The pause to survey the job. The disheartening realization that the car looks different but about as bad on the whole as it did before. The untimely appearance of your wife. The unwelcome comment concerning the job which you have done, and the reminder that you had been advised to take the car to the garage in the first place. The further comment concerning the state of your trousers. The suffering in silence.

The departure of your wife. The surreptitious putting away of the car cleaning materials. The dignified withdrawal to your room to change your clothes. The announcement that you are going out in the car for a little while. The quick trip to the garage. The surrender of the car to the washer. The sigh of relief.

—John C. Emery.



"You guys is positively playink like a bunch of hams!"



## Poetical Pete

*I've lost a friend whom I adore;  
In sorrow I must bow;  
She does not love me any more;  
She's in the barkies now!*

\*

## Adam Apple

By Don Herold



*How can I advise you in your matrimonial difficulties when I would not have married either of you in the first place?*

## Time Out!

I'm finished with Florence and Flora,  
I'm mushing no more with Marie,  
I've cut out my cuddling with Cora,  
I've given the gate to Gabys.

I've stopped necking Sonya and Stella,  
I've quit chasing Clo and Clarice,  
I'm through with Bernice, Bess and Bella.

I'm ducking my dates with Denise.

I've broken with Beryl and Betty,  
I'm not kissing Kitty and Kate,  
I've left Laura flat, likewise Letty,—  
A chap's got to recuperate.

—E. D. K.



# Life Looks About

## Clothes and the Man

**T**HACKERAY would draw the vast wig and highly decorated garments and accoutrements of Louis XIV and aver that his clothes were the main part of that monarch. Clothes will do a good deal. The Greek clothes and Roman clothes were simple but Europe in the 16th and 17th centuries and later ran strong to garments of glory. The people of England, at least the managers of that country, seem to have extraordinary supplies of raiment. At times they are all actors in pageants of one kind or another and shake the camphor out of remarkable costumes. Manners maketh the man, the adage saith, but to the kind of man so made garments are undeniably a help.

**T**WO gentlemen at this writing are on exhibition in England—one is Mahatma Gandhi from India, the other Mayor Walker of New York. Gandhi as part of a politico-religious effort has shed all his garments except a loin cloth, sandals and a home made blanket. He has even shed some of his teeth and is very homely. Mayor Walker has not shed anything except a little perspiration. He is a master of dress. The Lord Mayor, wearing his badges of office, met him in London with a four horse gilded coach. Our Mayor liked that, admired it and praised it, himself adorned in a pea green coat with blue buttons and a pearl gray hat. As to that coach, he said, "I will have to get one of these to use myself."

The Mayor and Gandhi are both of a humorous turn. They both make jokes, take things as they come, and adjust themselves to situations. But they illustrate different things: the Mayor discloses how much clothes may do for a man, and Gandhi, that a good man stripped has still a value.

Probably our Mr. Walker could get along well enough stripped in a Nudist

Colony where everybody went bare, but, on the whole, Gandhi outdid him in London, though probably London likes Walker better than it does Gandhi.

## Lippmann Comes Back

**W**ALTER LIPPMANN'S welcome reappearance as a political writer in *The Herald-Tribune* is or ought to be significant of a growing disposition to rise above party politics and consider the state of the world from the viewpoint of the best obtainable knowledge and intelligence. Evidently Mr. Lippmann is writing what he thinks and he thinks that current civilization is slowly going through a tremendous readjustment, to which, so far, the governing minds of the United States have been mostly blind. They have waited, he says, for the clouds to pass by, studying the barometer, expecting a change of wind and better times, but doing nothing to produce either of them. Time is up, he says, for that. If prosperity is to come back, measures must be taken to bring it back. He evidently has in mind what sort of measures those should be.

**A**LL that is good talk and appearing from a Democrat's pen in the most important Republican newspaper it suggests the approach of a time when even politicians may have to quit fooling and consider, not what this or that squad of voters think they want, nor how this or that organized band can be bought by corrupt appropriations, but what is really going on in this world and what should really be done by this country to put things to rights.

Any good mind working freely should be useful in this job. No mind tied up to Presidential candidates or to a scramble for a share in the loot of the treasury will be much helpful about it.

**B**ITAIN, frightened at last by impending dangers sets up a combination government. Something like it is likely to be done here. When Governor Roosevelt the other day called the legislature to consider plans for relief of the jobless, Mr. Macy, the Republican leader, flashed out with

notice to Republican legislators that these matters were too serious to be dealt with on a partisan basis, and called for the support of the Governor.

It is fairly plain, outside of Washington, that there will have to be very large Federal appropriations to carry the jobless through the coming winter. The situation is an emergency to be compared with war.

## Papacy, Whither Bound?

**"T**HE Papacy Wanes" is the title of remarks in *The Nation* to effect that the power of the Papacy is waning and with it that of the Roman Catholic Church itself. "What else could have been expected? Could any one believe that a church which still believes in miracles and the superhuman could remain unaffected in a wholly changing world?"

So, *The Nation*, which does not seem to perceive that whatever else ails the Roman Catholic Church, it is not belief "in miracles and the superhuman."

"Miracles" should be defined if they are to be discussed, and the "superhuman" also. If one considers that a miracle is simply a wonder, something done by means not understood or explained, they are going on all the time, but we are probably nearer to understanding them than our grandparents were. And the "superhuman"—what is meant by that?—A power wiser and abler than incarnate humanity? It is doubtful if belief in that is waning. The Roman Catholic Church might lose all its police power, lose all its political power, all its power to threaten, gag, intimidate, set limits to knowledge, prescribe details of conduct, and still go on stronger and more useful than before.

Rome may go to smash, St. Peter's may fall down, the Vatican be closed for repairs; the organization of the Roman Catholic Church would suffer but there is a great deal else in that Church that might profit. France went through a revolution and finally came out much improved; Russia has had a revolution and on the whole is probably improving now, and is almost certain to improve in the long run. The Papal Church may have a revolution and be the better for it. —E. S. Martin.



*"What! Sober without Prohibition?"*



# MRS. PEP'S DIARY

By Baird Leonard

**S**EPTEMBER 11.—The heat terrific on our first day back in town, an item which I would certainly take into account, along with the frequent inclemency of week-ends, were I to become involved in an argument as to the existence of a Deity. On the telephone to some of my cronies to enlist their aid with the chain of bridge parties which I have pledged to engineer for the repeal of the 18th Amendment. As a member of the charter group of four tables, I must now entertain twelve women, each of whom does promise to entertain eight others who will finish off with four apiece, and, unless there is a considerable amicable overlapping, methinks the great game of whist will strike a new low in the finals, for Lord! after long and varied experience, I can count on the fingers of my

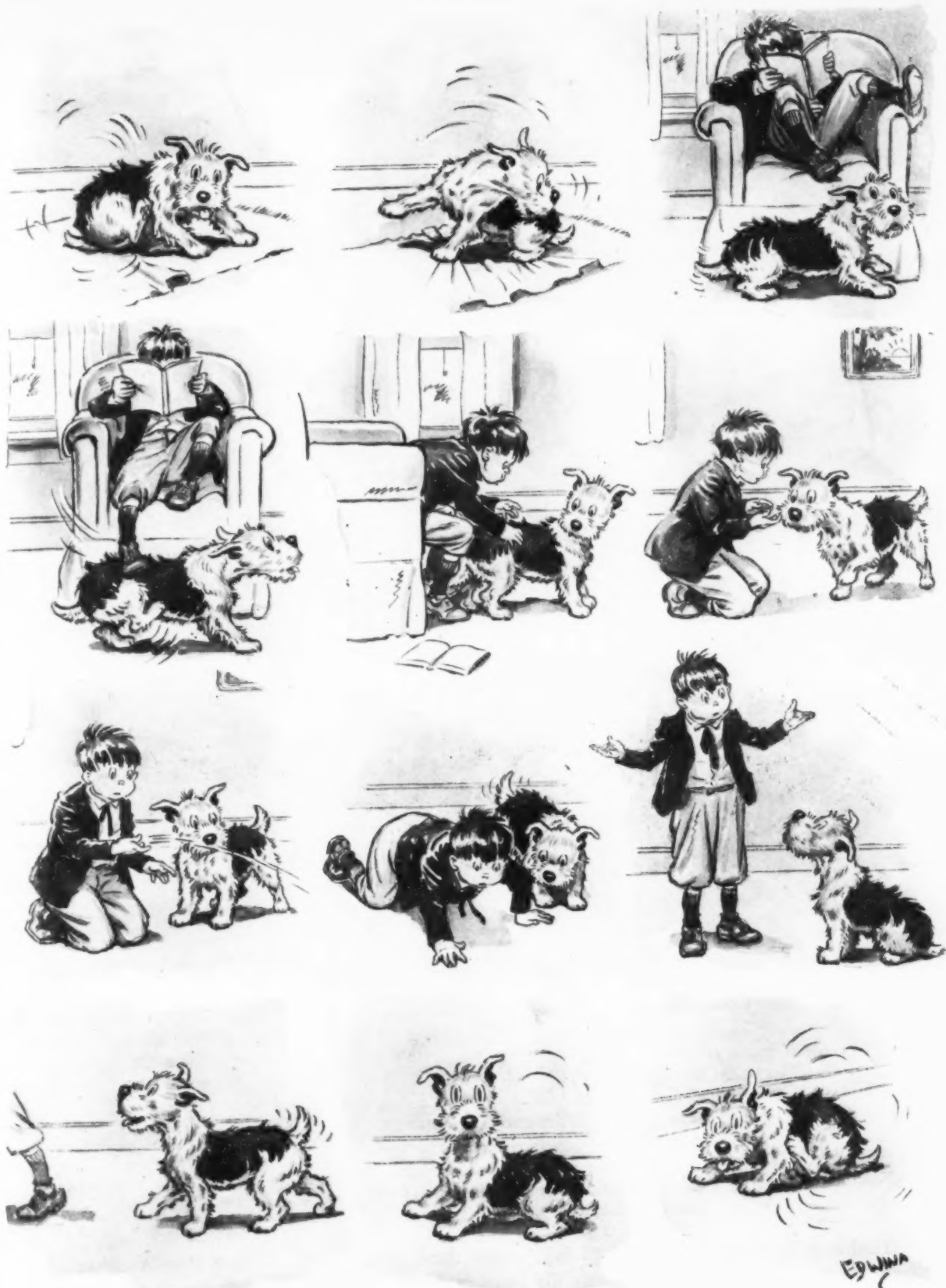
two hands the acquaintances with whom I do really enjoy an afternoon's session, so what bitter-end recruiting from the highways and byways will bring about I can only imagine from Lydia Loomis's tidings that she played in a similar chain in Rumson against some opponents who battled over simple honors. But with each link contributing a dollar, the financial results are enormous, nor should I have believed them possible had I not recently been inveigled into an innocent-sounding bout at backgammon wherein the stake started at a penny and was doubled every time either player threw doubles, and I was out of pocket one hundred and forty-six dollars almost in less time than it does take me to set down the tragedy in my journal. Toiled the whole day unpacking and putting to rights, grimly conscious that my entire

life will doubtless be spent in bailing myself out from a sea of books and papers, since we are inevitably surrounded by the objects of our greatest interest. Nor could I but think how fortunate are the cozens whom we have been visiting, and who, albeit avid devotees of the race track and hunting field, are not obliged to keep their horses in the house.

**S**EPTEMBER 12.—My feet in such agony this morning that I could not walk about my bedroom, and when I did learn that Dr. Dardia, who makes it possible for me to be even the feeble pedestrian that I am, was ill and absent from his office, I was so torn between the river and a fourteenth storey window that only the indecision saved me from suicide. For, as the Indianapolis chiropodist says on his window, "What's the good of money if your feet hurt?" and even my solvency at the moment is not sufficient to give me the miserly pleasure of sitting on a cushion and estimating it. At my wits' end through Dr. Dardia's defection, I was minded how the late James Gordon Bennett, receiving information that a reporter whom he had ordered discharged was indispensable, had cabled back, "Fire all indispensable men!" and I did smugly enjoy the reflection that the impertinence of such a policy was eventually paid for by the sad fate of his paper. So to my chaise-longue with "Marriage in Blue", an excellent support of Somerset Maugham's recent statement that no man under thirty should publish a novel. Lord! I do hold that no man under thirty should do aught at all but work and learn, nor do I wish any letters on the subject of Lindbergh and John Keats, since no laws did ever apply to the inevitabilities of genius, nor do we need protection from them. To bed betimes after walking with Fafnir, Sam so fatuous over the dog that he insists he is going to make us socially, whilst I do pity the manufacturers of puppy biscuit for the aesthetic deficiency which leads them to picture underbred looking canines as advertisements for their wares. To sleep on the resolution that some day I am going to the Riviera and dig up some decent people to write a novel about, nor will the characters all be indigent gentlewomen or Franciscan monks, neither.



"Consolidated Steel Products have always preferred my scrubbing!"



EDWINA

SINBAD.  
*The song of the flea.*



*"We wrote to my aunt in Fredonia, but forgot to send our love to Uncle Albert!"*

#### The Nights Get Cool

Protest is being made against San Francisco's law which delays all marriage licenses three days. It would seem that sometimes during the long wait the delightful climate changes.

#### Subject to Change

Life is what you make it until somebody comes along and makes it worse.

#### Higher Education

"Kissing me spreads germs," is inscribed on a patented "health" bib for babies. We understand the babies take off the bibs when they enter college.

#### Or Infest Speak-easies

Farmers in the West are troubled with grasshoppers who refuse to go modern and hop an ocean.

#### Pass the Missionary

An educational item says that cannibals are very particular as to what they eat, but according to Arthur Brisbane they aren't.

#### Long Arm of the Law

With the complete figures in, it seems that a Chicago bank clerk made away with \$3,665,929. He'll regret it at income tax time.

#### "I'm Afraid I Don't Love You—"

When a suitor arrived at her home to propose matrimony a Tulsa girl stabbed him nine times. This was not very encouraging.

#### Stamp Out Crime

"King George," we read, "has made one of the world's finest stamp collections." Something like that might keep Al Capone out of mischief.

#### Ask Him Another

Mayor Walker recently kept Mahatma Gandhi waiting for an hour. But that's nothing; he's kept Mahatma Seabury waiting for six months.



### Grain of Prevention

Wheat is being used as currency in Kansas villages. Sheriffs are on the lookout for counterfeiters who may try to pass off bags of sawdust.

### Subway Verse

A poet wrote his newly published volume of verse while traveling on the New York subway. Sometimes we think the subway is *too* safe.

### Our Own Hollywood News

"Once In A Lifetime" has been purchased for screen production. The title has been changed to "Twice A Day".

United Artists are launching a series of advertising films. The first is to be Douglas Fairbanks in "Athlete's Foot".

Theodore Dreiser is coming to Hollywood to witness production of the screen version of his novel, "The Genius". The shooting is expected to begin shortly.



"Run along, dear, and play in the sunshine."



"Well what's the good of scenery if you can't smell it?"

### Song of the Steam Shovelmen

Oh here's my endeavor to pen,  
A song of the Steam Shovelmen!

A song of the bucket that nothing can block,  
That batters down walls and takes bites out of rock,  
That follows the blasters who follow the drills,  
—The gluttonous bucket that eats up the hills;  
The cavernous bucket that gobbles and gnaws  
At gravel or granite with ravenous jaws,  
The mighty steel bucket  
The great greedy bucket  
The dirt-eating bucket with ravenous jaws!

And here's where I tune up again,  
A Song of the Steam Shovelmen;

A song of the crane as it swoops and it swings,  
A chant of the truckloads of dirt that it flings,  
A lay of the cables that whirr over wheels  
Directing the bucket in search of its meals;  
A sort of a ballad, a ballad of sorts  
In praise of the engine that races and snorts,  
The tough little engine  
The gruff little engine  
The Steamshovel Engine that races and snorts!

Come on, and let's try it again  
—A song of the Steam Shovelmen;

A song of the fellow who sits at the levers  
Commanding the shovel in all its endeavors,  
Whose skill does away with the pick and the spade,  
The sweat and the swinking of hunkies ill-paid;  
Let's try for a chanter whose meter will throb  
With Steam Shovel rhythm, with joy of the job,  
With clang of the bucket and clank of its jaws,  
The ravenous bucket that gobbles and gnaws.  
The mighty steel bucket  
The gluttonous bucket  
The ravenous bucket that gobbles and gnaws!

—Berton Braley.

# GREAT DRAMAS in SPORT . . . by Jack Kofoed

**B**OB FITZSIMMONS was built on an architectural scheme that has never been seen before or since. He had the torso of a giant and the skinny, knock-kneed legs of a dis-jointed crane. His head was bald, his face covered with freckles and his manner oddly inquiring.

Yet the Cornwall man, for all his handicaps, was incurably sentimental. . . . He loved the ladies . . . and several ladies found an object to adore in his kindly, rustic soul.

The passion of his life was Rose Julian, a statuesque acrobat who was the sister of Bob's manager. They plighted their troth . . . which was the 1894 manner of saying that they intended an-king to the altar . . . and Fitzsimmons decided that he ought to get together some money to pay for the furniture.

He was middleweight champion of the world, but his pockets were none the fuller for that. Champions could not pick stumble-bums to whip as easily as they can now . . . so Ruby Robert accepted a match with Joe Choynski.

A smart fellow, Joe . . . shrewd as a pawnbroker, a good boxer and a deadly hit-ter. Choynski, like Fitzsimmons, was gunning for a shot at the heavy-weight title . . . and he built a neat little plan in his mind.

Bob didn't know anything about that. He didn't want a hard fight at this time. . . . He wanted to preserve his manly beauty for his bride-to-be. No sense getting all smashed up at a time like this. So, he arranged with Choynski that they should box easily, and make the exhibition interesting without trying to do any vital damage.

Joe would have agreed to anything to get Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons into the ring with him.

The night they fought turned nasty, and only a small crowd was out to see these two famous exponents of the cauliflower art put on their very carefully arranged soiree.

The first two rounds were strictly according to rote. The men danced about each other, and sparred with the utmost good feeling. . . . The spectators yawned, and wished they had stayed home.

Midway of the third Bob's mind shifted from the saturnine Choynski to matters that seemed of more moment. . . . He started to count the house to see how much there would be toward his wedding expenses. . . . The receipts wouldn't be much to get excited about, but a dollar here and a dollar there, you know. . . . A guy couldn't be too fussy, and this was easy work, anyway.

**F**ITZ'S pale blue eyes had a far-away look. . . . He thought of his beautiful Rose . . . and his heart was warm

world was miles away from that ring in everything but body . . . and he lashed out with a left hook that would have knocked over the ex-Sultan of Turkey's whole harem.

The Choynski fist landed on the Fitzsimmons jaw.

Bob went down on his elbows and knees, with his freckled face in the resined canvas. . . . One moment he was thinking of Rose Julian . . . and the next he felt as though a nine-story building had fallen on him. . . . A punch affected Fitzsimmons in the head more than the legs. . . .

Now his head was like a vast balloon filled with cement. . . . He couldn't get his nose away from the canvas. . . . The muscles of his neck and back strained with the effort. . . . He had to get up . . . or Rose would marry an ex-champion, and that was unthinkable.

Choynski stood looking down at the Cornishman with a sneering smile. This would put him on top of the heap. Jim Corbett would have to give him a shot at the championship now.

The referee counted. . . . The little crowd howled like battle-maddened Indians. . . . Fistic history was being made in that ring.

**B**OB didn't think about history. . . . Even his thoughts of Rose Julian were submerged in the raving anger he felt toward Joe Choynski. . . . He wanted to get up, and tear the fellow to pieces . . . but his head anchored him to the floor.

With a desperate effort of will he jerked up, and onto his feet just as the referee reached nine. Choynski leaped forward, with death in his glittering black eyes . . . but Fitz clasped him in a desperate grip, and held.

The sweating referee pried earnestly at them. Joe cursed and shoved, but the bald headed man hung on. . . . It was his only chance. . . . He had to clinch until his whirling head cleared.

Then . . . came the welcoming voice of the bell.

A minute of sponging and sniffing  
(Continued on page 31)



*Bob went out like a raging catamount . . .*

toward all mankind. . . . He was sorry for everyone, because Rose Julian couldn't love them as she did him.

The plan that had developed in Joe Choynski's shrewd mind took acute physical form at that moment. He saw that the middleweight champion of the

## Another Gradual Readjustment

22 Glenbrook Road,  
Stamford, Conn.  
August 12, 1930

*Editor, The Atlantic Monthly,  
Boston, Mass.*

My dear Sir:—

I am enclosing a poem "Passion" for your October issue. You will please forward check to the above address at your convenience. I suggest that one of your illustrators prepare a two-color decoration to accompany the poem, and if you will submit same to me I shall be glad to express an opinion as to its appropriateness et cetera.

Friends inform me that this is beyond question my best effort to date—and I am sending it to the "Atlantic" as the proper vehicle for its expression. If you wish a short biographical note I shall be only too willing to oblige you; there is also enclosed a small photograph which you may wish to employ in your "Among Our Contributors" column.

Most truly yours,  
C. Heaslipp Fothergill

*Editor, Poetry Magazine,  
Chicago, Ill.*

Dear Sir:—

I am placing at your disposal the enclosed poem "Passion" as being representative of the work of America's younger poets. I wish it might be accompanied by an illustration when printed. Please send check to above address.

Truly yours,  
Charles H. Fothergill

*Editor, The Ladies' Home Journal,  
Philadelphia, Pa.*

Dear Sir:—

Perhaps you can use the enclosed poem "Passion"—on your "Office Dog" page if nowhere else?

Truly,  
C. H. Fothergill

*Editor, True Stories,  
New York City.*

Sir:—

Can you use this?

Yours,  
C. Fothergill

T—1563,  
*The N. Y. Times—Oct. 6*

Dear Sir:—

I wish to apply for position which you advertise. Have had no experience as hosiery salesman but will be glad to try.

Respectfully yours,  
Charles Fothergill

### "Missed"

A train in England, the Cheltenham Flyer, travels 77 miles per hour. Motorists at grade crossings are going to find it hard to hit.

### Bigger Bores

A test made recently shows there is more noise in Chicago than in New York. It may be that New Yorkers use a smaller caliber.

### New Time Killer

New York has a new subway, the Eighth Avenue line. This improvement enables visitors to remain lost at least an hour longer.



"I tell you Dad, I've got to have a bigger allowance. You see, I've met a woman!"



# MOVIES

## "My Sin"

THE title of this one sounds like a true confession, and whoever the guilty person may be should add an apology to Fredric March and Tallulah Bankhead. We had the idea that after Mr. March's performances in "Man-slaughter," "Laughter," and "The Royal Family," his talents would be given especial consideration. No doubt his employers meant to do right by him, but "Night Angel" and "My Sin" are hardly our idea of golden opportunities for fame and success.

Miss Bankhead, of the famous Alabama Bankheads, was brought back to the United States from England at a considerable expense to show the folks how another local girl had made good. And they stuck her in a thing called "Tarnished Lady," a story by Donald Ogden Stewart which had been prepared for the screen by some person with a positive genius for removing the humor, drama and other helpful elements which Mr. Stewart had been at some pains to incorporate in his original manuscript. Well—after a while these dumb writers will learn to stop writing stories for the movies. What they want are *scenarios*.

And now the famous Tallulah finds herself displayed on the screen before her fellow Americans in "My Sin." We shouldn't be at all surprised to hear she has caught a boat back to England.

In case you are still interested, we will tell you something about "My Sin." Two bits of flotsam and jetsam on the Sea of Life find themselves swept together down in Panama on the undertow of circumstances. Mr. March we will call the flotsam, which leaves the jetsam to Miss Bankhead, and she can take it and like it. What with flitting and jetting these two have reached a pretty state—he a drunkard and wastrel—she a strumpet in a low, Latin jernt. Mr. March plays the drunkard well, though he is better in character parts . . . and you should see Tallulah play the strumpet!

But beneath it all these two have something good in them, much more, we believe, than Director George Abbott brings out, and what's slowing you up these days, George? Are the movies making you lose your sense of

by Harry Evans



humor or something? Tallulah kills a man. Fredric defends her; clears her of the charge, and is offered a good job. He accepts; gives Tallulah some money so she can leave the country . . . and both are regenerated.

While Tallulah and Fred are bums they are interesting, but once they go straight and start visiting on Long Island the story begins wheezing at every step. There is one particularly stupid idea exploited in the last part of the film. After going to the trouble of regenerating Miss Bankhead and thinking up a new name for her to take so her past life will be completely left behind down in them tropics (which get you), Fred deserts this theory entirely when the girl gets a chance to marry a society fellow and insists that she tell all and spill the beans.

However, regardless of the parts Mr. March is given, he always manages to get the fact over that he is one of the screen's very best performers. Miss Bankhead is still an unknown quantity as a cinema star. In "Tarnished Lady" her work was more promising than in "My Sin" though neither was a fair chance. Miss Bankhead gives evidence of being one of those actresses of the breathless or gasping school of emoting, a technique which requires a very special medium.

We hope she gets one soon because she is very easy to look at.

## "Five Star Final"

LOUIS WEITZENKORN'S powerful jab at tabloid newspapers has been made into a motion picture that

is due to rank high among the productions of 1931.

Following on the heels of his smashing successes as the racketeer in "Little Caesar" and the gambler in "Smart Money," Edward G. Robinson offers another expert and thoroughly convincing performance as the hard-boiled managing editor in "Five Star Final." If there is a criticism to be made of his work in this film, it is probably due more to the instructions of the director than to the star. Mr. Robinson is never so entertaining as when he is good and sore about something, and in this one they keep him at the boiling point so much that his white rages lose some of their effectiveness. But however much Mr. Robinson's temper is overworked, he can always look sufficiently menacing on a moment's notice to carry his point. He never seems to be blustering or bluffing no matter how many times he says, "Now, get this," or "See here, you," or "Now you listen to me." These, we believe, constitute all of the movie phrases used to introduce menace.

The story of how a tabloid newspaper makes an unfair exploitation of a woman's past causing a chain of tragic events will find a sympathetic audience wherever it is told . . . which will probably have no effect on the circulation of the yellow journals.

The players overact noticeably at times, but this is excusable due to the melodramatic character of the plot.

Included in the excellent cast are George E. Stone, Frances Starr, H. B. Warner, Marian Marsh, Boris Karloff, Ona Munson, Anthony Bushell and Aline McMahon. Mr. Warner turns in one of his finest screen jobs as the husband of the woman who is attacked by the tabloid; and Miss McMahon, who plays Mr. Robinson's secretary, offers one of those gems of acting in a minor role that seldom get the praise deserved.

And then, at last, we come to the director, Mervin Le Roy, which is as it should be. After all, Mr. Le Roy is only the fellow who made the picture.

## "The Secrets of a Secretary"

YOU would think that a movie featuring lovely Claudette Colbert and the famous stage star, Herbert Marshall, would be worth seeing—but it isn't.

# Theatre

## "The Scandals"

OVER at the Apollo Theatre you will find the best set of "Scandals" George White has had to offer in many years. He made only one big mistake in the show. That was in writing a second act. He should have just shown the first act and let the customers go home early in a state of ecstasy. However, as we have previously contended, it is hardly fair to condemn first night mistakes in a review. No doubt Mr. White has already done things to that second act.

But about that first act. Beginning with Ray Bolger and his highly trained dancing feet and swell clowning, Mr. White presents, in rapid succession, Willie Howard, Ethel Merman, Rudy Vallée and Everett Marshall. Mr. Howard is seen at his best in a clever sketch entitled "Pay The Two Dollars" and he is highly amusing every time he walks on the stage; Ethel Merman sings a song called, "Life Is Just A Bowl Of Cherries," the second line of which is "Don't take it serious . . . it's too mysterious" . . . and despite its lack of polish in the matter of English construction and the ambiguity of its message (after all, why *is* Life a bowl of cherries?) this song is due to be a hit. If you want to hum it sometime and can't remember the tune, just think of "Go Home And Tell Your Mother." Mr. Vallée's vocal offering in the first half (and it stops the show) is a ditty yclept, "This Is The Missus," another simple tune with terrible lyrics which will also be popular. If you forget this tune you may refresh your memory with "I Love You So Much."

Everett Marshall, late of the operatic world, steps into the picture with two songs. The first is "The Thrill Is Gone," which is hot stuff in anybody's league, but just a bowl of cherries when compared to his second number, "That's Why Darkies Were Born." Some people may tell you that this song is just another "Old Man River" which, we suppose, is something to cause the authors to take a dive from their pent house. (If they haven't one they will after the returns are in from their songs in this show.) Mr. Marshall, made up in blackface as a negro preacher, sings this song to his congregation, explaining that, although darkies can't be president, can't be governor, can't be mayor, they have important work to do. Lovely tune, and exceptionally good lyrics. He sings it through once and the crowd actually screams and yells. Then he repeats . . . with stage effects. "You've got to do the hard work with the pick and the shovel," sings Mr. Marshall, and a curtain rises disclosing an effective silhouette of a darky working with a pick—striking in time with the music. "You've got to pick the cotton," he sings, and another curtain raises disclosing a beautiful cotton field—darkies picking cotton. "You've got to show the white folks how to catch that train to Heaven," sings Mr. Marshall, and then up comes a curtain showing a drop painted to represent a winged train headed skyward, which in turn is lifted to disclose, believe it or not, a group of Mr. White's show girls, undressed as angels, and posed about in meditation and prayer on the golden stairs. The bird who thought up that one is probably the same fellow who designs those

embossed cards garnished with tinsel which read, "Peace and glad tidings to you and yours on Xmas day."

Here Mr. White had one of the finest dramatic climaxes ever attained on a review stage, and he had to go and ruin it with those — — angels. If he leaves them in he is just plain dumb.

The second act, as we said before, is a slide after the glories of the first one, and at the close of the show Mr. White becomes so incoherent that he has his players walking around in the audience. This act is called "The Wonder Bar" and it certainly makes you wonder.

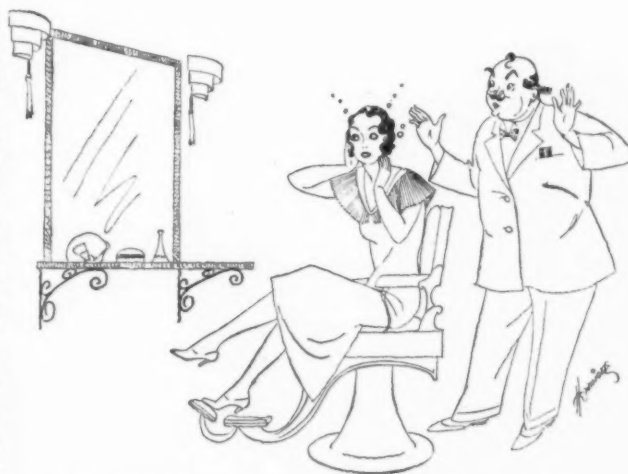
Perhaps the greatest general interest in Mr. White's play has to do with Mr. Vallée. Some reviewers, who evidently know him only as a voice, seem amazed at his pleasant, unassuming manner. Rudy is a very pleasant person, and he is smart enough to realize that nothing is more charming than modesty.

Miss Merman's performance suffers by comparison with her work in "Girl Crazy" because her songs are not nearly as suitable or distinctive. For instance, she has nothing to compare with "I've Got Rhythm" and "Sam and Delilah." She has one song entitled, believe it or not, "If I Thought I Could Live Without You I'd Die," which has all the earmarks of a Jewish lament, and, believe it or not (for the third and last time), she includes in her repertoire that ancient number, "Sing You Sinners."

The girls are lovely, they are well drilled, and the costumes are quite swell. With a little fixing "The Scandals" should be set for a healthy winter.

## "The Constant Sinner"

MAE WEST, she of the silken snarling voice, opened the week with the murkiest piece of melodepravity yet seen on Broadway. It is called "The Constant Sinner." Dramatically dull, and stupidly vulgar, this play seems to presuppose that there is a potential dope-peddler in the best of us, and that we can be counted on to view the extremes of moral debility with convert relish. Mae West bravely takes the name of Gordon and in about ten minutes does some tricks that make Diamond Lil look like a good angel of mankind. If this play runs, the New York Vice Squad are boy scouts and Harlem's jew-pearled.



"Ah, Mees Jones don't touch eet. You'll spurl it!"



## LIFE AT HOME \* LIFE AT HOME \* LIFE

**MISHAWAKA, IND.**—Claude Grose and Frank Lipka fly to work every day. Each has his own plane. The men are ditch diggers.

**CHICAGO**—The Special Grand Jury just completed an eight-month investigation of the police force. They reported that they could not find even one case of graft or corruption.

**PORT TOWNSEND, WASH.**—Next time J. H. Worthington attempts to rescue a drowning person he will first make inquiries.

He was walking along a pier when he heard a strangled cry coming from the water. It was nearly dark and he could see a head bobbing on the waves.

"Keep paddling, I'll save you," he cried as he kicked off his shoes and removed his coat. Worthington dove off the pier and started swimming toward the bobbing head which continued uttering distressing cries.

"It was nearly dark and I had trouble keeping him in sight," said Worthington, "but I kept plugging away trying my best to reach him."

Worthington was exhausted when some men went out in a small boat and pulled him aboard.

He had been trying to rescue a seal.

**MAMARONECK, N. Y.**—Mrs. Edward Nash's goat is loaded with dynamite. The goat wandered into the yard of Mrs. Thomas de Roosa and dined on garden truck. Mrs. de Roosa tossed it a stick of dynamite for dessert. Mrs. Nash had Mrs. de Roosa arrested. A policeman testified that although he gave the goat a swift kick, it didn't explode. Puzzled by the goat's legal rights and physical condition, the judge reserved decision.

**EL PASO, TEX.**—Galloping Ghost, owned by B. J. Lawson, of Weatherford, Tex., waddled his way to victory and the \$500 first prize in the American Legion's terrapin derby here. His time was 2 minutes, 45 seconds, for seventy-five feet.

**EAST CHICAGO, IND.**—Policeman Ralph Hart's curiosity led to the frustration of a clever scheme. Hart could not understand why so many funeral corteges passed through here enroute to Indiana Harbor, which has no cemetery. Then he stopped one hearse followed by several jovial-look-

**KEY WEST, FLA.**—This city has one distinction that few others in America can claim. There are no Smiths or Joneses residing here.

**HENDERSON, KY.**—Magistrate Louis Kleider took peaches in payment for performing a marriage ceremony. He got two bushels.

**BENTON, ILL.**—Friends of Stephen R. Patton planned to give him a party to celebrate his eightieth birthday—but Patton had a better idea. He requested that his funeral be held on his birthday instead of after his death so

that he could enjoy the party. He said that if he was to receive flowers at his funeral he'd rather have them when he was alive. So the funeral was held—six ministers officiated and one made the funeral sermon. Afterwards Patton gave a picnic to all the mourners.



*The customs inspector loses a collar-button.*

ing mourners smoking cigars. The hearse was loaded with liquor.

**MADISON, WIS.**—Residents of Virginia Terrace have established a system of community spanking. Any resident who finds children playing in the streets is privileged to spank them, whether they are his own children or not.

**NEW YORK**—As Alexander Radomsky was sentenced to thirty days in jail, he solicitously called to his children to "see that the dog is fed." Radomsky had just been sentenced for wife beating.

## And Abroad

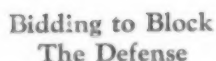
**LONDON**—Scotch mice are smarter than Russian mice. A test conducted by a professor of Aberdeen University showed that it required 300 lessons to teach Russian mice to be summoned for food. It took only 40 lessons for Aberdeen rodents.

**BERLIN**—A new quintuple instrument has been given to the music world. Professor Walther Nernst, winner of the 1920 Nobel prize for chemistry, helped design the instrument, a combination grand piano, radio, harmonium, spinet, and phonograph. All the sounds are reproduced electrically, the string vibrations picked up and amplified through a loud speaker.



*"I See By the Papers . . . "* by Will B. Johnstone





## by

**ELY CULBERTSON**

♠ J-7  
♥ A-9  
♦ A-K-9  
♣ K-J-10-8-6-5

♠ Q-6-5-2  
♥ Q-10-8-7-3  
♦ 8-6  
♣ Q-2

	N	
W		E
	S	

♠ 9-8-4  
♥ K-J-4-2  
♦ Q-10-5-4  
♣ A-7

♠ A-K-10-3  
♥ 6-5  
♦ J-7-3-2  
♣ 9-4-3

(3) *The Interference forms! A gorgeous bid to inhibit a heart opening. North sees the final declaration as no-trump. Applying the rule of eight he can count at least five and a half honors in the two hands, four in his own and at least a trick and a half in partner's.*

(4) The expected response. South has a half trick and a plus value over his first takeout.

(5) The ball is snapped back and the play gets under way with the runner amply protected by Interference.

Sorely put to it for an opening lead West opened with the eight of diamonds. He thinks North's heart holding must be at least the A-J-9-x. His

(Continued on page 28)

This is a beautiful example of the operation of the Time element in Contract. There are, paradoxically, fifteen tricks in this deal played at notrump—five for East and West and ten for North and South, but the North-South tricks shrink to eight if opponents get theirs first.

One North out of twelve in this Little Slam Club game found a way to do it—to throw up his Interference so that his partner's run would not be abortively halted behind the line of scrimmage.

The bidding went as follows:

<u>South</u>	<u>West</u>	<u>North</u>	<u>East</u>
Pass	Pass	1 ♣ (1)	Pass
1 ♠ (2)	Pass	2 ♥ (3)	Pass
2 NT (4)	Pass	3 NT (5)	Pass
Pass	Pass		

(1) A fine third band bid with four honor-tricks and a good chance for game if partner has as much as a trick and a half.

**M**Y experience in football is limited to watching a few thrilling contests, but the game's amazingly fine team play has always appealed to me. Much of the same kind of cooperative action moves a successful Bridge partnership in Contract. From the first bid to the play of the last card the partners must visualize themselves as a team and their twenty-six cards as one hand.

Upon the declarer usually rests full responsibility for the success of the play of the hand and to him goes the glory of victory, the partner having contributed his help in arriving at the best bid. Occasionally, however, one partner during the contracting can foresee danger and can protect the play in much the same way that the Interference of a well trained football team protects the ball carrier during the early stages of his run.

Many a brilliant touchdown in Contract has been made possible by such Interference—insuring to the declarer that the Time element will not operate against him. A daring, brilliant bid by a player in a recent duplicate game at the Little Slam Club in New York gave declarer, with the following hand, time to take his tricks before opponents could get theirs.

The hand was as follows:

Contract Deal  
Both Sides Vulnerable  
Dealer—South

# Our Foolish Contemporaries



LOUD SPEAKER: Professor Soluski will now give his talk on "The Benefit of Sun-bathing."

—Punch (by permission).

The absent-minded professor was busy in his study. "Have you seen this?" said his wife entering. "There's a report in the paper of your death."

"Is that so?" returned the professor without looking up. "We must remember to send a wreath."

—Boston Transcript.

An expert on bottling says it is wiser to pick fruit after dusk. Especially if you haven't any of your own.

—Punch.

CHIEF: Why were you away yesterday?

CLERK: I was ill.

CHIEF: Have you a medical certificate?

CLERK: No—I was really ill.

—Deutsche Illustrierte, Berlin.

The ape-man of the Pliocene Age was about 5 feet 6 inches tall, we are told. Rather small for his Age, we should say.

—London Opinion.

A country vicar entered a nursing home to undergo an operation for appendicitis. On the following Sunday his curate informed the congregation that the vicar was progressing satisfactorily, and he added: "We will sing hymn 159, 'Peace, Perfect Peace'—in the appendix."

—The Outspan.

LOQUACIOUS BARBER (commencing the hair cut): Did I ever tell you about that time when I—(resumes business)—Want it short, sir?

LITERARY CUSTOMER (wearily): Yes. A mere synopsis will do!

—The Humorist.

Mr. Gandhi, we read, wants a Prohibition law for India. We know where he can get one that is only very slightly used.

—Nashville Banner.

JUDGE: Have you anything to ask before I pass sentence upon you?

PRISONER: Yes, Your Honor; I should like you to have your lunch first.

—Pathfinder.

MAGISTRATE: Witness says you neither slowed down nor tried to avoid the pedestrian.

MOTORIST: I took all precautions. I blew my horn and cursed him.

—Answers.

At a wedding in Kansas the guests threw wheat at the married pair instead of rice. We understand the throwing of old shoes was omitted, due to the fact that they were occupied at the time by feet.

—Spokane Spokesman-Review.



WIFE: For goodness sake, dear, stop guzzling your drink.

—Tid Bits.



# From Life's



Reprinted from LIFE, Christmas Number, 1893.

24

"A BACHELOR'S

SUPP

# Family Album



SUPPER"

# \* confidential guide \*

Prices quoted are for orchestra seats, evening performances.

\* Matinee—Wednesday and Saturday.  
X Matinee—Thursday and Saturday.  
(Listed in the order of their opening)

## PLAYS

**GRAND HOTEL.** *National.* \$4.40 (\*)—Exciting, interesting and beautifully staged drama of 36 hours in a Berlin hotel. Eugénie Leontovich offers one of the outstanding performances of the season.

**THE BARRETTES OF WIMPOLE STREET.** *Empire.* \$3.85 (\*)—Katharine Cornell gives a brilliant performance in a play based on the lives of Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett and her father.

**CLOUDY WITH SHOWERS.** *Morisco.* \$3.00 (\*)—How and why a sassy little school girl learns to giggle about sex and is kept after hours. Very childish, and for adults only.

**FRIENDSHIP.** *Fulton.* \$3.85 (\*)—The one and only George M. writes about a bird in a gilded cage who wants to "Be Herself." Amusing, skilfully written, with superb performances by Mr. Cohan, Minor Watson and Robert Fischer.

**AFTER TOMORROW.** *Golden.* \$3.00 (\*)—Realistic drama of middle class life with financial troubles, etc. If you have none of your own, go ahead. Good performances by Donald Meek, Ross Alexander, Josephine Hull.

**THREE TIMES THE HOUR.** *Avon.* \$3.85 (X)—A murder mystery. You can buy better ones at the corner drug store.

**JUST TO REMIND YOU.** *Sam Harris.* \$3.00 (\*)—Owen Davis tries hard to get everybody excited about a young man who opens a laundry and won't pay protection. All the customers get holes in their shirts. Desperate love interest. Bombs, bullets, racketeers,—and other constructive ideas if you are having laundry trouble.

**LADIES OF CREATION.** *Cort.* \$3.00 (\*)—Chrystal Herne in a comedy about the interior decorating racket. Decidedly on the ho-hum side.

**THE CONSTANT SINNER.** *Royale.* \$3.00 (\*)—When worse dogs are gone to, Mae West will write a play and go to them. Diamond Lil was a mere high school girl.

## MUSICAL

**THE BAND WAGON.** *New Amsterdam.* \$5.50 (\*)—The Astaires, Frank Morgan, Helen Broderick and Tilly Losch in one of the few fool-proof musical shows in years. Get in if you can.

**THE THIRD LITTLE SHOW.** *Music Box.* \$5.50 (Matinee Wed. & Thurs. No Saturday Matinee)—The best thing Beatrice Lillie has ever done, so of course you should see it. Walter O'Keefe is runner-up to Miss Lillie with Ernest Truex, Constance Carpenter, Gertrude MacDonald and Carl Randall offering capable support.

**FOLLIES.** *Ziegfeld.* \$5.50 (X)—Some amazing dancing by Hal LeRoy and Mitzi Mayfair—the highly entertaining colored team of Buck and Bubbles—lovely girls in typical Ziegfeld surroundings—that effective Buckingham Palace scene—and some clever writing by Gene Buck and Mark Hellinger. And they do say that Mr. Ziegfeld has found some new material for his stars, Helen Morgan, Harry Richman, Ruth Etting and Jack Pearl.

**SHOOT THE WORKS.** *Majestic.* \$3.00 (\*)—This is Heywood Broun's show for the benefit of unemployed talent. Some good numbers, and if you like Heywood it's the chance of a lifetime.

**EARL CARROLL'S VANITIES.** *Carroll.* \$3.00. Mat. Tues., Wed., Thurs. and Sat.—Mr. Carroll's unusual sense of beauty—Will Mahoney's unusual sense of comedy and some unusually lovely girls used as a background for some unusually low humor.

**FREE FOR ALL.** *Manhattan.* \$4.40 (\*)—Proving that Communism will not work—even when set to music. It will probably be gone by the time you read this.

**GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS.** *Apollo.* \$5.50 (\*)—The first act is marvelous. The second falls to pieces but will probably be fixed up. Catchy tunes by Brown and Henderson—dramatic singing by Everett Marshall that makes the customers hysterical—swell shouting by Ethel Merman—sweet crooning by Rudy Vallée—dozens of laughs by Willie Howard (what a showman)—Ray Bolger's dancing and plenty of beautiful gals.

**FAST AND FURIOUS.** *New Yorker.* \$3.00 (\*)—A carnival of negro entertainment in which everybody plays the title rôle. Music, dancing and humor good as any and better'n some. Go if you, too, like negro comedy better than *joie de juive*.

## MOVIES

**THE GUARDSMAN.** *Metro*—The stage's most famous married couple, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, in one of the most delightful pictures you've ever seen. Yes.

**THE BARGAIN.** *First National*—No bargain. No.

**STREET SCENE.** *United Artists*—Elmer Rice's Pulitzer Prize play loses realism in the screen adaptation, but Sylvia Sydney's superlative performance plus the work of several members of the original cast makes it one of the things you should see. Yes.

**BAD GIRL.** *Fox*—Another one to put on your list. Viña Delmar's best seller made into a convincing film that will make you giggle and bawl. Applause for Director Frank Borzage, Sally Eilers (the best thing she has ever done) and James Dunn. Yes.

**PARDON US.** *Metro*—A Laurel and Hardy feature length comedy that is funny enough for about two reels and should have been held down to that. No.

**SILENCE.** *Paramount*—Clive Brook, Peggy Shannon, John Wray and other expert performers in a well directed story about a big-hearted man who refuses to admit he is the father of his long lost child rather than make her unhappy. Yes.

**THE MIRACLE WOMAN.** *Radio*—A well aimed slam at commercial evangelism with a personal sock at Aimee Semple McPherson. Impressive performances by Barbara Stanwyck, David Manners and Sam Hardy. Yes.



In "George White's Scandals"

Ethel Merman is shown shouting, "Ladies And Gentlemen That's Love." The lamp post and Eugénie hat must have been left in Atlantic City. Center, with the derby, is Willie Howard who is the uproarious clown of the show. The man looking over his shoulder is Eugene Howard, who is Willie's brother. Standing, with hand on rear hip (which is excusable) is Rudy Vallée, who is charming the crowds with his crooning and unassuming pleasantness. Below, with tonsils akimbo, we find Everett Marshall whose song, "That's Why Darkies Were Born," is worth the price of admission.





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The American Golfer for October will not only give you an expert judgment on this golfer's extraordinary dilemma, but will bring you a wealth of practical counsel on many other more typical difficulties that golfers encounter.

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Joyce Wethered, British champion, presents a piece of remarkably sound advice on how to use the hips and shoulders in the swing. Helen

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This is only a brief sketch of the many good things The American Golfer brings you in the October issue. Get your copy at the newsstands today!

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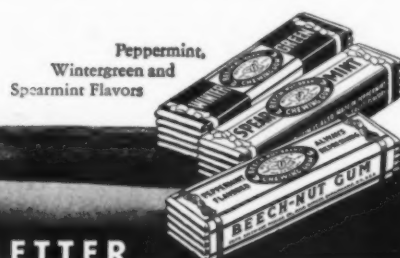
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**MAKES THE NEXT SMOKE TASTE BETTER**

## Contract Bridge

(Continued from page 22)

diamond opening is probably the best in the hand—a fine waiting lead which I frequently employ in situations like this. Declarer took the trick in dummy, led a spade to the closed hand, refused the finesse, established the clubs and took ten tricks.

At four other tables the final declaration was three notrump by South, but hearts were opened and it was defeated by one trick. Even a two notrump contract was defeated at one table by a declarer trying to make an extra trick by the foolish finesse in spades instead of setting up the clubs upon which all losers could be discarded.

At the only table where game was made South scored the touchdown (giving his side 655 points for a vulnerable game and an extra trick), but it was North's great Interference that made it possible.

## Culbertson Pointer

In the play of hands at trump bids as distinguished from notrump declarations: *low trumps are additional stoppers and re-entries.* Under trump

protection it is easier to establish low-card tricks in side suits, which at notrump frequently could not be done for lack of sufficient stoppers (time). The trump suit becomes a central fortress which bars the way to third and often second leads of enemy's long suits. The only way they can break through now is by attacking and undermining the trump suit. Hence the technique of *Forces* during the play.

Even when all four suits are stopped by honors there is frequently a distinct advantage in playing the hands at a trump bid in preference to notrump. A single stopper in a suit may easily not be sufficient. And yet there are many other hands which will play at notrump to distinct advantage.

*The type of hand distribution is the deciding factor when choosing between the final notrump or trump bid.*

Unbalanced patterns such as 5-4-3-1 or 6-4-2-1 contain two long suits. The second suit will develop a low-card trick more often under protection of trumps than at notrump. Consequently these patterns are better suited for trump bids.

Balanced patterns such as 5-3-3-2, 4-3-3-3, 6-3-2-2 are "One suiters" and contain no second four-card or longer

suit. With these patterns the scope of trump plays is limited and most of its advantages are lost. Consequently the tendency is toward notrump for nine tricks, always assuming stoppers are available.

While crossing a common an old woman noticed one of those men who go around jabbing a pointed stick into scraps of paper to gather them up.

Stopping beside him she said, kindly, "Don't you find that work very tiring?"

"Not very, mum," replied the man. "You see, I was born to it—my father used to harpoon whales."

—*Tit-Bits.*

According to the writer of an article, whistling beautifies the lips. Our office-boy must be thinking of entering a beauty contest.

—*The Humorist.*

The Congo natives are an official they didn't like, but nobody could stomach some of ours.

—*Publishers' Syndicate.*



"In my youth," said Briggs, "I used to sit on my high stool dreaming of the day when I should have a business of my own and be paying salaries to other people."

"And now what has happened?" asked his tender-hearted listener.

Briggs closed his account-books wearily.

"Now I find myself wishing someone else had the business and I was back on a salary," he said.

—Answers.



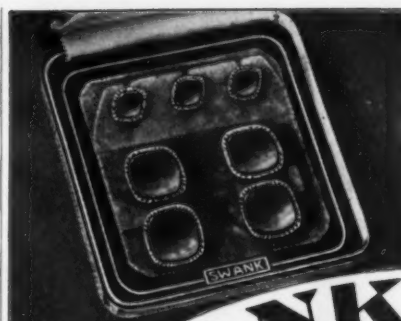
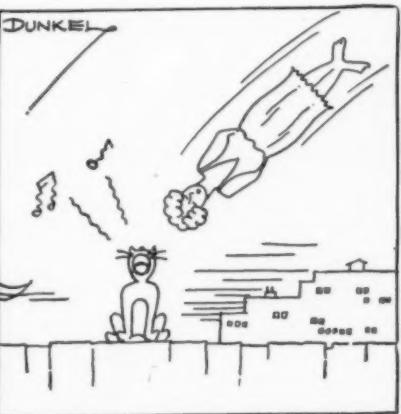
**SURE, he's Coming Back!**

Occasionally one of our guests does get out of our clutches. But generally he comes back to us because we give full value... There's the case of the gentleman from Indiana, for instance, who wrote us: "I like your hotel and I know it now, because last time I went to another hotel. I will be back with you next time."

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A doctor at a dinner took in, as his partner, a gushing young lady.

"Is it true, doctor," she said, "that you are a lady killer?"

"Madam," he replied gravely, "I make no distinction between the sexes."

—*The Outspan.*

"Wedding rings don't last as long as they used to," a contemporary declares. Well, generally speaking, they don't have to.

—*London Opinion.*

## Great Dramas in Sport (Continued from page 16)

smelling salts brought Bob Fitzsimmons back to normal. He seethed with rage. He glared across the ring at the curly-haired Californian. . . . Double cross him, would he? . . . Try to spoil Rose Julian's honeymoon, hey? . . . We'll see about that.

When the fourth round started Bob went out like a raging catamount. He pounded Joe Choynski with both fists. Never in all his long ring career was Ruby Robert as bitter as he was then. He knocked Choynski down, and when Joe arose he knocked him down again. . . . It was brutal and bloody and one-sided. . . . The Choynski plan had back-fired with a vengeance.

The first minute of the fifth round was just as much a slaughter and then those spoil-sports, the police, interfered. They intimated that they didn't want to see murder done.

The violence went out of Bob's queer, red face. . . . He was no longer angry at Joe Choynski. . . . His reputation and his money were safe for Rose . . . and that was all that mattered.

But the picture of Ruby Robert trying to get his nose off the floor will never be forgotten by those who saw it.

Teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters on half Grape Fruit, a delightful breakfast tonic. 50c sample Abbott's Bitters for 25c. Write Abbott's Bitters, Baltimore, Maryland.

A world-famous love story is now being filmed for the fourth time. The producer is confident that the public will eventually recognize it.

—*The Humorist.*

In a recent speech Signor Mussolini said that when he thinks of some modern men he is filled with rage. Still we do hope the Duce will try to keep his black shirt on.

—*Punch.*

In a Pinch use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

## Solution of September 25 Crossword Puzzle

L	I	M	P	S	T	E	A	M	R	I	P	S
O	B	O	E	T	A	B	L	E	E	R	I	E
N	E	V	A	A	M	B	E	R	W	O	N	T
E	X	E	C	U	T	E	C	R	A	N	K	S
		O	P	E		B	U	Y	E	R		
B	L	O	C	S		C	O	P		A	D	D
L	A	R	K		C	L	O	S	E		E	L
A	B	A		G	O	A		H	A	Y		M
S	O	T		A	N	G	H	O	R		B	O
T	R	E	A	T		K	I	T		H	U	N
			D	E	N	S	E		B	U	N	
R	E	P	O	S	E		H	A	N	G	A	R
A	V	E	R		A	V	A	I	L		L	I
V	I	C	E		R	I	N	S	E		E	D
E	L	K	S		S	E	A	T	S		S	A

When  
you throw  
a real party  
serve

**Apollinaris**

Your guests will at once  
see that you wish them to  
have only the best.

*The Finest Sparkling Table Water  
in the World*

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.  
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

First, Squibb's soothes  
the skin . . . smooths  
the razor's path . . .  
makes the blade cut  
keen and clean

2 Then, it adds a new  
comfort . . . replaces  
the delicate oils of  
the skin . . . brings a  
velvet ease

**SQUIBB**  
DOUBLE-ACTION  
**SHAVING  
CREAM**

Ask your druggist for a  
free sample or send 10c  
for a generous guest-size  
tube to E. R. Squibb &  
Sons, Squibb Building,  
New York City



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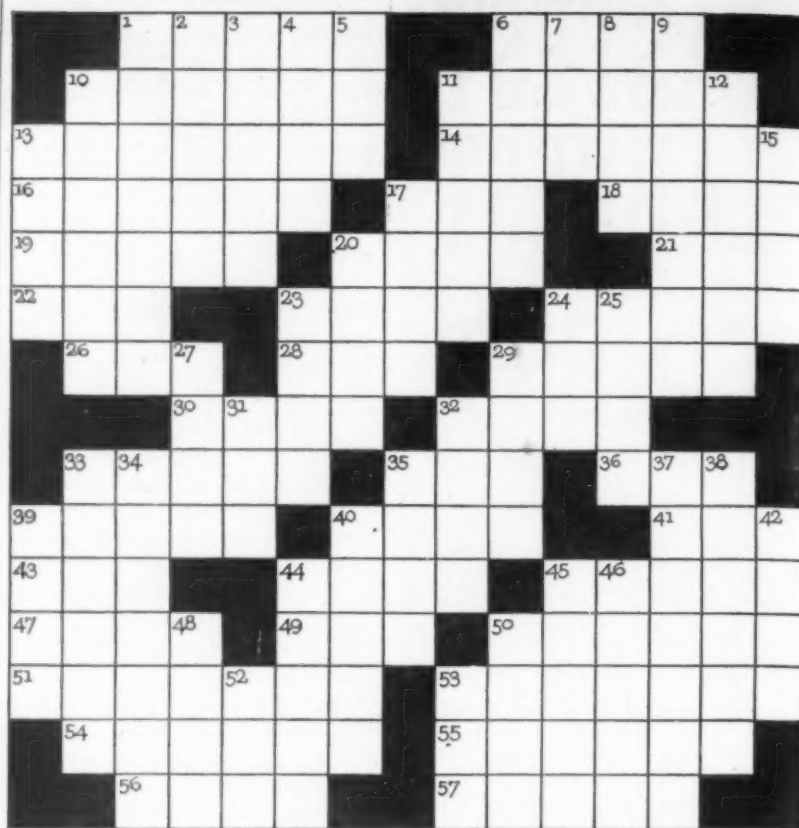
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"No sex-appeal, but very appetising."  
—Der Lustige Sachse.

## Life's Cross Word Puzzle



### ACROSS

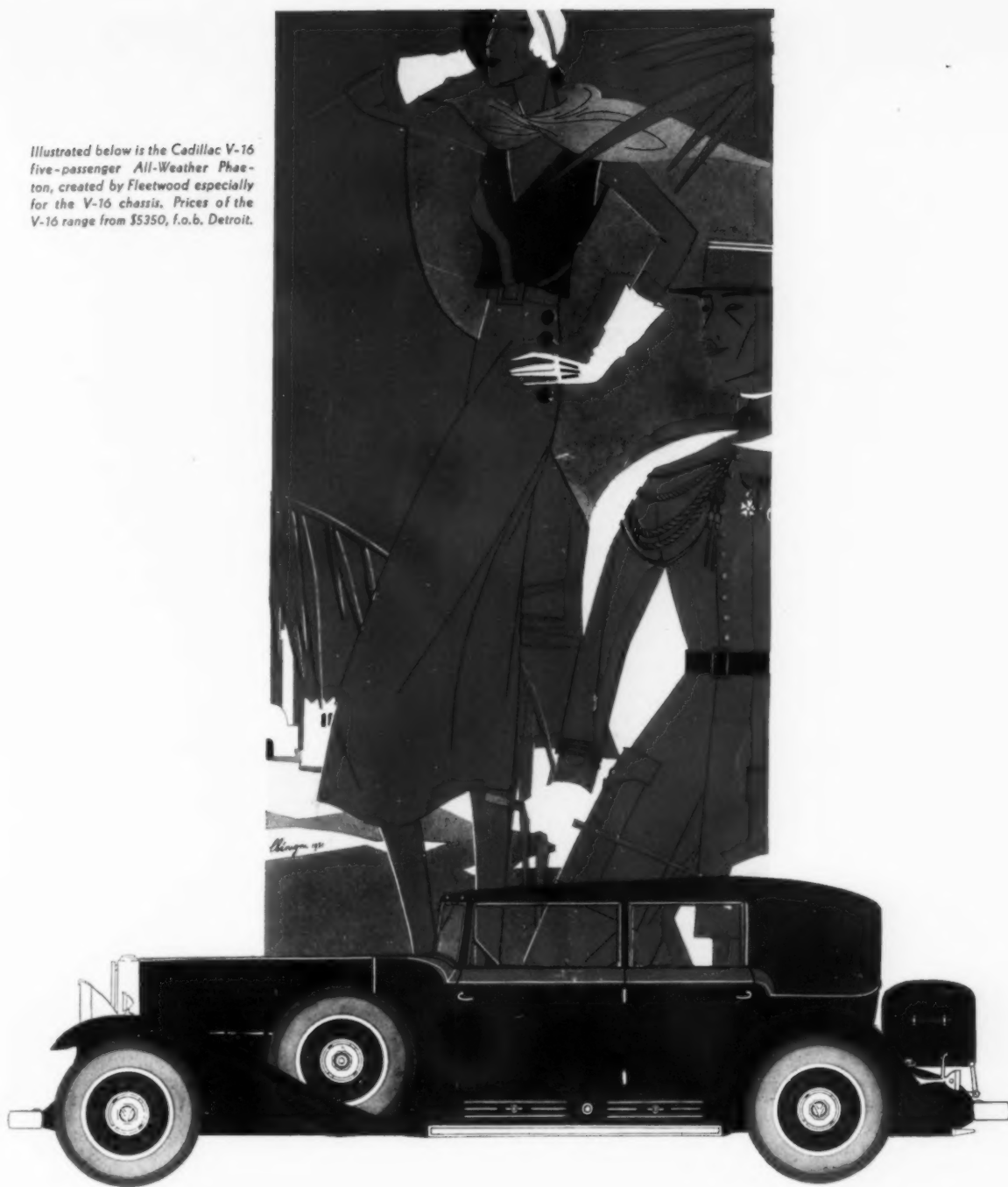
1. Christmas song.
6. Greedy things.
10. Long cloak.
11. A vegetable.
13. The peace pipe.
14. Put back.
16. Originates.
17. Mental ingenuity.
18. At rest.
19. Cut in cubes.
20. Certain seeds.
21. This is naughty.
22. This is usually in writing.
23. This lies low.
24. Sphere of action.
26. Swindle.
28. Unfavorable.
29. Plenty, and then some.
30. The first man to disregard prohibition.
32. Troubles.
33. Savage.
35. Pronoun.
36. A peevish mood.
39. Jaunty.
40. A hard blow.
41. A regular tear.
43. Beverage.
44. Legal document.
45. Greek philosopher.
47. The cat's husbands.
49. A sound receiver.
50. A Roman emperor.
51. Cut short.
53. Sisters home.
54. You can take a walk with this.
55. Mohammedan princes.
56. These are always seeing things.
57. Men.

### DOWN

1. Afflicted with the stomach ache.
2. Divert.
3. Made limericks.
4. Numbers.
5. A piece of real estate.
6. Bards.
7. Naughty child.
8. Holiday.
9. Pierced.
10. Adventurous.
11. Oh, boloney!
12. Immense quantities.
13. Turkish magistrate.
15. Icelandic literature.
17. Money is left in this.
20. A tree.
23. Small glass bottle.
24. A hair's breadth.
25. To affect unpleasantly.
27. An open square.
29. Grouchy.
31. This goes from morning to night.
32. Part of a shoe.
33. Criminals.
34. A hermit.
35. Scalp covering.
37. Rubbers.
38. Giants.
39. Caresses.
40. Quality.
42. Variety of wine.
44. Widow's wear.
45. The jury.
46. Official reception.
48. Active.
50. A stupor.
52. Pastry.
53. Projecting part of a wheel.



Illustrated below is the Cadillac V-16 five-passenger All-Weather Phaeton, created by Fleetwood especially for the V-16 chassis. Prices of the V-16 range from \$5350, f.o.b. Detroit.



To sit at the wheel of the Cadillac V-16 is really an exceptional experience—for there is no precedent at all for *what* this car does, nor for the *manner* in which it does it. The V-16 was planned, of course, as an entirely new embodiment of motoring luxury; and not a single tradition or limitation was permitted to influence its design. As a result, it is a

highly individualized creation—a car so irresistibly inviting in appearance, so superbly behaved in action that it must inevitably revolutionize your highest opinion of motoring. Lest we seem overly enthusiastic in the telling, may we suggest that your Cadillac-La Salle dealer will gladly arrange to demonstrate the truth of these statements?

CADILLAC V<sup>16</sup>



# Have you tried Camels?

**T**HE steady increase in the sales of Camel cigarettes proves one fact beyond a doubt.

If you try Camels, the odds are very much against your ever going back to your old brand.

So great is the contrast between the delights of perfectly conditioned Camels fresh from the protection of the new Humidor Pack and the harsh, hot smoke from stale dried-out cigarettes, that your decision will be immediate.

The quality is there in the first place, for Camels are a blend of choice Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos.

In factory-prime condition, with their rare flavor and their natural moisture still intact, they are a joy to the smoker.

Now this flavor is air-sealed-in by an outer wrapping of moisture-proof Cellophane, so that no matter where you buy Camels, in any land, in any climate, you are always certain to get fresh cigarettes in factory-prime condition.

And there are other advantages as well. For the Humidor Pack also protects the cigarettes within from dust and germs and weather conditions.

Start the day on Camels. See how much milder they are, how much more flavorful they are, how cool they are to the throat.

No peppery dust to irritate delicate membrane. No harsh, hot smoke from dried-out tobacco to burn the tongue or sear the throat.

Switch to Camels for a day, then leave them — if you can.

Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR featuring Morton Downey and Tony Wons  
Columbia Broadcasting System — every night except Sunday

# CAMELS

Mild . . NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE

*It is the mark of a considerate hostess, by means of the Humidor Pack, to "Serve a fresh cigarette." Buy Camels by the carton — this cigarette will remain fresh in your home and office*

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